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A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. PAULDING'S LIFE IN SYRIA.

J. W. J.

IN conversation with Mrs. Mary B. Paulding before her departure for California she related an incident of her early missionary life which interested me so deeply that I have thought others would be interested in it also.

In 1844 Dr. J. G. Paulding, accompanied by his wife, then only 24 years of age, and their two little children, went to Syria as a Medical Missionary under the care of the Associate Reformed Church now known as the United Presbyterian. Rev. James Barnett, a brother of Mrs. Paulding, went at the same time but was not with them when the circumstance occurred which I am about to relate.

They arrived at Beirut in February, 1845, and remained there two years. They then went to make their home in the city of Damascus. In 1849 the cholera raged in Damascus to such an extent that all who could leave the city took refuge in the mountains. Dr. Paulding's family went to a village a short distance out, where they set up their tent, but every morning three or four bodies, dead from the pestilence would be found lying around the fountain in the center of the village; so after a week they found they must retreat to a greater distance. A servant in the family of an Irish Presbyterian missionary at Damascus, told them of her own native village of Bludan, high up on the side of Anti-Lebanon, 22 miles from the city, and thither they all went, and remained for 28 days until it was safe to go back to their home.

In the summer of 1850 Dr. Paulding again took his family to the same village to spend the hot months and to do pioneer missionary work, with the hope of gaining an entrance for the gospel, which they really did. The English mails, by which alone they received news from America, reached Damascus once a month, and letters to be sent in return must be ready in two or three days thereafter. So, at the proper time each month, Dr. Paulding went to the city to receive

the letters, taking a day for the journey; remaining over night he took the next day to answer any letters received so that they could go by return mail, and this obliged him to spend the second night in the city and return upon the third day to Bludan. Although but 22 miles distant, the journey took an entire day. It was a terrible road, up hill and down, and even now in accounts of that region we read of the rocky gorges, projecting ridges and precipitous slopes. It followed the windings of the Barada river which is the Abana of Scripture spoken of in the healing of Naaman the Syrian. Bludan lay between Damascus and Beirut, and it will be remembered that the first carriage road (the French post road) was made between these two cities in 1863, thirteen years later, and even yet, the other roads, with the exception of one or two short carriage ways in Mount Lebanon, are mere mule and camel paths.

Upon the 27th of August, Dr. Paulding went down to Damascus, and that evening their little Theodore, three years old, was taken alarmingly ill with croup, that terror of mothers. Mrs. Paulding was the only foreigner in the village, except her four little children, the oldest of whom was eight years old and the youngest one year old. Being the wife of a physician, she had always depended on her husband to administer to the children in sickness and felt therefore less reliance upon herself than she might otherwise have done. But with sinking heart she used the remedies at her command, with such good results that toward morning the child was relieved and sank into a quiet sleep. But about ten o'clock the next morning the disease returned with greater force, and, terribly alarmed, Mrs. Paulding tried to get a messenger to go to Damascus to procure her husband's speedy return. But the muleteers who made the trip at stated periods had started for the city at three o'clock in the morning and for a long time she was unable to induce any one to go. At last however she found a messenger whom she could trust, but Oh, the long weary hours of anxiety before he could possibly reach home.

The little boy was a remarkably bright and handsome child, and attracted notice from every one, so that very frequently the Syrians had said to Mrs. Paulding "Why do you keep your little boy so clean and nice? Do you not know that the evil eye will be upon him? You will lose him if the spirit see how beautiful he is. You should let him go ragged and dirty and then they will not notice him." And now as night approached and the child grew worse, the native woman servant began to wail after the custom of the country. The neighboring women took up the cry, until all over the village the wailing spread from house to house, and many of them gathered about Mrs. Paulding's door, disquieting the sick and terrifying the other little children. The women pulled off their veils and beat the ground with them, gathered up dust from the earth and threw it into the air, and made every extravagant sign of grief while over all rose their unearthly wail. Some insisted upon having a piece of the little one's dress, that they might burn it, and so destroy the power of the witches who were afflicting him. Others wanted to pour out a libation of oil, or burn a lamp before the shrine of St. George, in an old ruined church, which was to all the villagers, both Mohammedans and Greek Catholics, a place held in great veneration. It seems strange that the Mohammedans should have this reverence for St. George, but Fletcher in his notes from Syria mentions the same thing. He speaks of them as giving reverence to St. George, offering before his shrine and asking his intercession and aid.

Of course Mrs. Paulding would permit nothing of this kind aud was rendered

almost frantic by the uproar, especially by the outcries of her servant woman, who seemed to have completely lost control of herself.

The man servant seemed to have more judgment and self-control and was finally obliged to turn the woman out of the house and fasten the door against her. At last he succeeded in dispersing the women to their homes, but the servant woman seated herself upon the terrace and there continued her own manifestations of grief. At eleven o'clock the spirit of the little one went home to rest in the bosom of the Good Shepherd. The sorrow stricken mother tenderly prepared the lovely little body with her own hands, for the last time dressed it in its clean garments, and laid it in its crib, and then sat down alone with her grief and with agonized heart to await her husband's return. In the meantime the messenger had been faithful to his charge. He had gone with the utmost speed over the hilly road, but when he reached Dr. Paulding's house in Damascus it was closed, and not knowing where to find him the man stood patiently before the door until the doctor's return at 8 o'clock in the evening. As soon as the errand was made known, Dr. Paulding made all haste upon the homeward journey. Rapid as were his movements, the hours passed slowly to him in his anxiety and suspense. At 3 o'clock the woman sitting upon the terrace heard the sound of the horses' feet far down the hillside path, and in a moment her voice rang out in a loud wailing cry which struck upon his heart like a knell, for he knew only too well what it portended. She kept up her lamentations until he reached his home. As he entered where death had preceded him, he was met by the anguished cry of his wife, "Oh, if you had been here our darling would not have died!" How it reminds us of the words of Martha to our Saviour! But her husband begged her not to speak thus, telling her he had gone in the way of his duty, and that God in his unerring wisdom knew how to arrange all things to bring about his own wise purposes. He felt that in such a providence as this, all they could do was to submit to the righteous will of God, and to believe that what he does, though we know not now, we shall know hereafter. But soon came the thought of where to lay the precious little body. There was no Protestant burying ground in Damascus, but there was one at Beirut. This, however, was two days' journey and from the great heat and with no means of preserving the remains from decomposition, they knew it would be impossible to go there. But when the priest of the Greek Catholics heard of their sorrow, he came to Dr. Paulding and said, "You will want a place to lay your sacred dead. Come and let him lie with ours. You are welcome." While gratefully appreciating his kindness and sympathy the thought was a most unpleasant one. The village burial places of which around Bludan there were four or five were caves in the sides of the hills where the bodies were laid one upon another, without coffins. If a winding sheet, more or less costly according to the means of the friends, could be obtained, the body was wrapped in it, otherwise it was simply dressed in the ordinary clothing. The thought of laying their darling boy upon the decaying, uncoffined bones was a revolting one to them. But not knowing what else could be done, Dr. Paulding examined the cave and found upon one side a rocky ledge large enough to hold their child, apart from the other bodies. So the father began his sad task of making a coffin. He pulled in pieces a box which had held some of their goods, carefully drew out the nails to use again, and sawing the boards to the proper sizes, he made the box which must serve as a coffin. Then the mother looked around her to see what could be used to cover

and conceal the rough boards. She had a piece of light blue cloth which she had expected to make into garments for her little boys, and this was all she could find for the purpose. When it was completed the Syrian women looked at it with great admiration, saying "Oh if our little children could be laid away so nicely." But when on that same morning they must lay their darling out of their sight, the mother's heart failed her. She could not go to see him laid in such a place; so the bearers, and the father, taking his oldest little boy by the hand, followed to the resting place. The mouth of the cave was about four feet high and three feet in width, and some one must stoop down and enter, and then draw in the body, others following in the same way, to put it in its place. The *wahwe*, a species of wild fox, sometimes ravaged the tombs, so the large stone which was placed before the mouth of the cave, had to be propped against the opening very securely. How much this reminds us of the time when the women said at the tomb of our Saviour, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

The body of their little Theodore lay in the cave at Bludan for five years. Then the Protestants obtained the right to have a burial ground at Damascus, and he was removed and laid to rest with the other Christian dead of the mission families.

How little do we realize in our Christian land and Christian homes, surrounded by the comforts of life and blessings of the gospel, what has been endured by those who have been pioneers in this grand work of carrying the gospel to the dark places of the earth, or to those countries where a vitiated form of Christianity prevails, and they have only the name, knowing not the power of the gospel.

Mrs. Paulding relates that a few days after the death of her child, an old Syrian woman came to condole with her. She used a striking figure which was very impressive. In order to understand it we must explain that the Syrian villagers, in building the roofs of their houses, lay a long beam across the center, and against this support sticks or branches of trees are laid, the whole being covered with earth. Of course if an accident happens to the central beam, which they commonly call a gessar, the whole roof falls to the ground. When offering her sympathy to Mrs. Paulding, the Syrian woman said "But you have not lost your gessar, it is only one of the twigs that has fallen. The gap may be filled. But when the Lord came to *my* house he took the *gessar*, and my prop is gone. I have nothing left to hold me up." Could anything be more expressive?

Mrs. Paulding, in giving her recollections of life in Syria, speaks of the very devout tone of their conversation. Even those who were not particularly religious would seem to indicate a strong religious sentiment. For example, an old man was telling her of a very severe frost which had killed the grapes, and he said "so it pleased our Heavenly Father to smite us on our heads for our sins." And such words were constantly on the lips of the people in their ordinary conversation. Although Mrs. Paulding returned to this country some years since many of her recollections of Syria are still very vivid and her descriptions so graphic it is a pleasure to listen to them. One I will mention which was drawn out by the interesting story of her own experience. In speaking of the burial caverns of Bludan she told the sad story of a widow whose last remaining son was buried in one of them. She had been the mother of seven sons. The student of history will remember that Ibrahim Pasha, during his invasion of Syria, captured Damascus in 1832, and the city was for the first time open to

the representatives of foreign powers, and then also for the first time, Jews and Christians were suffered to ride through the streets. In 1833 peace was effected and a treaty made, by which Syria was handed over to Mehemet Ali; and his son Ibrahim Pasha as governor, reduced the new territory to order. In carrying out his despotic plans he impressed into his army six sons of the widow before spoken of, and she only saved the youngest by hiding him so securely that he was not discovered. Years passed and he grew from youth to manhood and was her one joy and comfort. But when grown, he sickened and died, and the mother's last hope was gone. He was laid to rest in the usual manner in one of the burial caverns and every night, when her day's labor was ended, the poor, distracted mother would go and take away the stone from the mouth of the cave, and creeping in, she would sit upon the ground and taking the lifeless head of her son in her arms would pour forth her sad wailings the livelong night. *At last* the village authorities were obliged to interfere and securely close the tomb so the mourning mother could no longer indulge in this expression of her heart-breaking grief. Not one of the other six sons ever returned to her.

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

Read at the meeting of the W. M. A. of Indiana Presbytery, at Richland, Ind., August 25th, 1887.

[Published by request.]

Our hearts go out in sympathy to a land whose inhabitants are visited by famine. Will we turn a deaf ear to their cry for bread? No, verily; we show our love by relieving their wants. When the Irish famine prevailed, the men of this land sent corn by the ship-load till the plague was stayed. Shall we be less liberal with the bread of life?

"The multitude being very great and having nothing to eat." So it was in the days of our Saviour. So it is in these days of ours. The multitude of starving heathen is very great, indeed. Where do we find this vast multitude? There are 240,000,000 of them in India, 400,000,000 of them in China, 38,000,000 in Japan, and now more than 100,000,000 have come to light in the heart of Africa. "As the sand by the seaside for multitude," and they have nothing to eat. They are starving; dying at the rate of more than 30,000,000 a year. It is absurd to talk of the nutriment of their own religions. They are worse than "the husks the swine did eat." Brahmanism has none. Buddhism has none. Confucianism has none. Shintooism has none. No knowledge of salvation. Thus they are "without God and without hope." Yet, in this land of ours, we have bread and to spare—bread, that in vast heaps, is gathering mold, while they perish with hunger.

The Savior said to his disciples then: "Give ye them to eat." So he says to his disciples now—to us as a church, as missionary societies, and to us as individual members. Little more than a generation ago our missionary fathers and mothers could not get to them to feed them.

The East India Company had fenced in all India. They drove out Judson beyond their borders. China had built a wall around herself. Japan had shut out the stranger and had bolted her gates. Congo land was an unexplored region. This led these same missionary fathers to wrestle mightily at the throne of grace. God heard their prayers and has answered them to us,

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their children. And now the East India Company is dead and buried. The heir of the king who stripped and imprisoned Judson, is himself stripped and driven from his throne. China's wall has crumbled away. Japan's gates have been wrenched from their hinges, and the heart of Africa is laid bare before us. Therefore, those starving myriads, even unto the utmost bounds, stretch forth to us their appealing hands. The men to carry the bread are ready and waiting. Half a dozen years ago the young men could not be had; all wanted to stay at home. But the same spirit of God that began to move Samson mightily in the camp of Dan has been moving upon the hearts of the young men in our schools of the prophets.

The work began in England and Scotland three or four years ago. One society proposed to send out seventy men in one year. Two years ago the missionary revival broke out in Northfield. Over a hundred young men consecrated themselves. Last year it broke out with fresh power at the "Inter-Seminary Alliance at Oberlin, when over eighty more stood ready. Since then it has spread among the colleges and seminaries of all denominations, and it is gathering strength every day. And as God is doing his work, shall we not do ours? The field is open. The laborers are waiting. The means to send them alone is wanting. How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?" And we must put to ourselves another question. How shall they be sent unless *we* send them?

The call to give comes to us, "Give, Ye." Not your neighbor or pastor. We cannot roll the work on some one who is already bearing the burden and heat of the day. But like Mary, Dorcas, Phœbe, and Priscilla, we have each *our* part of the work to do. There is no way in which we can show to the world our love to Jesus except by cheerfully and lovingly obeying Him. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Listen to the voice of our dear Master, as he puts the question to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" Once, twice, thrice, and still the commandment is "*Feed.*" Do we ask how shall *we feed?*" We answer by giving liberally of our means to send this "bread of life" to poor famishing souls. Let us not say the little we can give will amount to nothing. God often makes use of feeble means. It may be but a little oil and wine for the wounds and two pence taken from an almost empty purse; the giving or withholding of these meant life or death to a human being and made all the difference between the heartless priest and the unnamed and but immortalized Samaritan. The large givers are greeted with many exclamations of admiration, and their large gifts figure prominently in the papers and reports. Yet it is the systematic giving of the army of givers more than the occasional great explosion of individual benevolence upon which we must rely to carry on the Church's campaign against sin and ignorance. Then let us give according to our power. "For if there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath and not according to that he hath not." Look at the poor widow in our Saviour's day. There are thirteen large chests in the temple treasury, each designed for special contribution. She cannot divide her two mites, but she gives her little offering of less than half a cent and goes back to her poverty unconscious of the grand example she was setting to the world, not knowing that more would be written and preached about that small contribution than has been said about the millions King David gave as his offering toward building the temple. She gave not what would be missed but what cost a real sacrifice.

When Paul went out to collect for the starving saints at Jerusalem, he considered this whole subject of Christian giv-

ing of vital importance. He was so anxious that the churches he had established should have right ideas on this doctrine, that he devotes two whole chapters to the subject in his letter to the Corinthians, and refers to it again and again in other epistles. We should give cheerfully and willingly. "God loveth the cheerful giver."

You remember when the Israelites were journeying through the wilderness to the promised land, God called Moses up into the mountains and gave him directions how to build and adorn the tabernacle for a place of worship to the Lord. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, speak unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering. Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart shall ye take the offering." There was a great deal of work to do and a great deal of material needed to build the tabernacle. Yet Moses was only to take the offerings of those who were *willing* to give unto the Lord. I love to read how that tabernacle was built. How the women spun linen and embroidered it. How they gave their brazen mirrors to be used in making utensils for the altar service. How they brought their bracelets, ear-rings, rings and tablets—all jewels of gold. They were all so willing that they brought of their various gifts more than enough for the tabernacle.

The mission work we are trying to help is very much like this tabernacle building. True, we are not making a building of boards and curtains, but of precious souls as lively stones built up in a structure that shall endure throughout eternity—Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. But money is not *all* that is needed to carry on the work. We want the *prayers* of every true Christian. We can *all* give these; if not in the public meetings, in our closets. There is no surer evidence of a follower of Christ than a life of prayer, and how much is comprehended in the exclamation, "Behold, he prayeth." How powerful is this weapon prayer. It is said of Mary, Queen of Scots, that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than the invasion of the great English army. If one saint's prayers can accomplish so much, when two or three are united are they not a grand force against which few obstacles can stand; and when it comes to a praying band, all the smiths in Jerusalem cannot make bolts for doors, or chains for the wrists sufficiently strong to hold Peter in prison. "Brethren, pray for us," comes to us in almost every report of mission work. How it strengthens them for their work when they know the dear ones at home are remembering them at a throne of grace. Perseverance in prayer is necessary to a prevalence in prayer. Let us never imagine that Abraham could have interceded so successfully for Sodom if he had not been all his life-time in the practice of communion with God. Praying and giving go hand in hand. Let us pray more and we will give more.

"Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow;
My heart fulfill its vow;
Some offering bring Thee now—something for Thee."

What wonderful opportunities await us. Open doors, as I have said before, over the whole world. Never before were there such grand possibilities imposing such fearful responsibilities upon Christians. Shall we not, dear sisters, as representatives of different missionary societies, be stirred to greater zeal and energy in this work? We, as a Presbyterial society, have *our* representative in the person of Miss Given. She has left home and friends, all that is so near and dear, and gone to *Feed* this starving multitude for us. Now, what is *our* duty? Will we not give liberally for her support?

Thankful that we can do *something* while she is doing *so much*, let us follow

her with our prayers and our offerings, remembering: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and He requires us to use it for His glory and the advancement of His kingdom. Since He has given Himself a sacrifice for us, can we not make some sacrifice for Him?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Do we not hear sounding in our ears: "What thou doest, do quickly." We know not how soon the Master may come and call for us. Since our last meeting one of our devoted members has passed away; gone to her eternal reward. We are admonished by this, "To work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Let each of us earn for ourselves the epitaph: "She hath done what she could."

"Let us try to find our duties,
Then to work with heart and mind,
To fulfill the slightest labor which the
Savior has assigned,
So that when our lives are ended,
And the glorious victory won,
We shall hear the loving Master
Say to each and all, 'Well done.'"

MRS. M. A. CRAWFORD.

THE CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWL.

M. KINGSTON.

MRS. SILAS BENT was looking very fiercely at a shawl she had worn at the missionary meeting. "You cost just five dollars," she said, "five years ago; one dollar a year, interest about three cents a year." Having done this neat sum, she stopped to rest a moment before she added, "Now the speaker who talked to us this afternoon had on a regular camel's hair, with the name of the camel in the corner; and yet under cover of that camel she urged *me* to sacrifice for the good of the cause?"

Mrs. Bent's gaze was still riveted upon her own limp-faded outer garment, making it the subject of uncomplimentary comparison. She had gone to the meeting with alacrity, and had felt willing to do almost anything for the women of China, as she listened to chapter after chapter of "Pagoda Shadows" read by her pastor's wife. With a sort of surface piety as her portion, she sat back complacently in her seat, until the wearer of a long, long-owned camel's-hair shawl stood up to make an earnest appeal for means to carry on the work in the foreign field. Upon this offending article, Mrs. Bent fastened her eye, and at once made a mental calculation of its cost, thus losing much that would have drawn her heavenward and China-ward. Walking home with a dwarfed and narrow-souled sister she expressed her mind, and thus the meeting was lost to two instead of one.

After she had put away her own modest shawl and meek bonnet, she went into her pleasant roomy kitchen to prepare tea for her husband and daughter Millie. As her tea-kettle sang its song of cheer on the bright stove it seemed to carry along the air of one of the songs of the afternoon, and, by the law of association, the words followed:—

I gave my life for thee;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast *thou* given for *me*?

Passively the sad questioning of the hymn glided along, but its personal application, its tender appeal, were lost, hidden, obscured, by the warp and woof of a—shawl!

My Father's home of *light*,
My glory-circled throne,

I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

was the plaint of the second stanza, but the cost of her own redemption was not in Mrs. Bent's mind, but the cost of a shawl, the interest of money lying idle on the back and in the wardrobe of the owner of the article. The result of her musings was that she concluded to let owners of nice shawls and other extravagances support the missionaries in future. As for herself, she was not called upon to self-denial as she had been in the past. This conclusion was not a hasty one, for Mrs. Bent had had narrow sinful leanings towards self for months, and an object in view which demanded a careful hoarding of all stray pennies.

A bountiful and tempting supper soon smoked on the table, and then "father" and Millie were called. "How about the meeting, mother?" asked the farmer, as he poured a plentiful supply of yellow cream into his tea, "in need of money as usual, I suppose?" "Yes, in need of money, especially to support girls in schools; and the woman who asked for extra sacrifices had on a shawl which cost enough to take care of sixteen girls a whole year, I reckoned." The farmer's "*sho*," and kindling eyes betokened plainly that this particular kind of missionary talk interested him, and, joining in the conversation, it soon became animated. If their profound conclusions could have been carried out all over the land, the busy loom would be silent, the skilled mechanic would beg for bread, and the world be in a state of anarchy and strife. To quiet their own conscience, they took upon themselves the giant task of managing the consciences of others; and as a natural consequence fell into a question of political economy too mighty for their feeble grasp. Down they went into the fogs and damps of earth, forgetting the grandeur of the work of saving souls; forgetting the many-sided question of one's duty in regard to personal expenses in connection with giving; losing sight of the fact that one is richly or poorly dressed *only by comparison*.

It was wonderful how well informed Mrs. Bent was upon all questions of finance in regard to the work, knowing the salaries paid in all departments, cost of printing and room rent; and as the sum assumed giant proportions in her mind by some method of reasoning peculiar to herself, she concluded that she was not called upon to give her dollar and four cents a year in the future. It never entered her head that the brain that could successfully guide the missionary ship was capable of steering a bark on worldly waters of much larger dimensions, and receiving quadruple pecuniary compensation, and that many in the various missionary stations could successfully fill the best pulpits at home.

The daughter sat in silence listening to the talk. She, too, had been to the meeting, sitting unobserved in a shadowy corner; and it was well that she had not been seen, for tears gathered and fell as she learned of sad, unwilling brides, mere children in years, ending a wretched, burdened existence in the waters of the river. Oh, how she longed to ask Miss Field if the shadows were really so sombre, and then go herself to carry some bits of silver lining for the clouds in China. How paltry seemed dress, and even mere worldly culture; how wrong to indulge in the luxurious quiet and ease of her comfortable home. So environed was she with the sorrows and hopelessness of the young brides over the sea that her soul went up in one mighty prayer for their help, and so it was that she had not seen the offending shawl. How can *I* help? what is *my* duty? she asked prayerfully. How far am *I* responsible for this degradation and suffering? When the sheaves are gathered in, *I* must tell why I stand empty-

handed before the King. From her heart she could say,

"Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,—
Thought of that now clouds my brow."

As Mrs. Bent enlarged upon the number of girls that could be supported by the cost of one shawl, an idea came to Millie which caused her some pain, and yet, as she looked at the question in all its bearings, her good sense enabled her to see the true cause of her pain.

To her great regret and sorrow, mainly as a Christian worker, she was no singer, had no ear for music, and little love for harmony of sound, and yet they were on the eve of purchasing a piano for the farm-house parlor, because so many had them in and around Clarksville, their home. Believing in having a good one, Mr. Bent had said he would go as high as $400, and cater to his pride at the same time, as no piano in town cost that sum. To reach this high figure had been the secret reason for a desire on Mrs. Bent's part to find some way out of paying one dollar and four cents a year for the millions that sit in darkness.

Something in Millie's face caused her mother to look at her when there was a lull in the conversation. "What are you thinking of?" she asked, a little troubled. "Of this, mother," was the answer: "To our own Master we stand or fall. *I* have nothing to do with the shawl you speak of; it may have been a present, it may have answered for a cloak for years. It is true that sixteen, and perhaps more, girls could be cared for and instructed one year for what it cost. What *I*—what *we* have to decide is this: will *we* care for these sixteen girls ourselves or have a shut-up piano in a shut-up parlor? The shawl is a proper thing to own; so is a piano; but will we give up the latter for the sake of the heathen is the question for us to decide." Painful was the silence that followed, caused, mainly, not by the thought of giving up a cherished plan, but by the sight of herself as the scales fell from the mother's eyes. The glimpse at her own heart was not reassuring,—a doubt even of her being a Christian came to her with its overwhelming sorrow. Millie had her way. The piano was given up, and the money was loaned to Jesus; and the peace that came into the Bent family with the giving out of the dollars was of the kind that passeth understanding.

Miss Fielde's wonderful "Pagoda Shadows" still has the power of drawing tears as they read of "the ignorant, suffering women of China," but the Bents smile as they think, "we have given them our piano, and the music is saved up for us in heaven."

Our King's glad coronation day draws near. Soon his faithful subjects will be called to enter into His joy. The Mrs. Bents of earth will go alone to the feast, unless, like her, their eyes are opened to the value of an immortal soul. A sister's diamonds weaken the hands of one, a brother's fine home serves as an excuse for a poor man to withhold his little. Many forget the cup of cold water and the widow's mite. They pull Jesus and His cause down to earth, and in their thoughts make Him dependent upon money, and his kingdom on the dross of earth. While we give all we can, let us not forget "the cattle on a thousand hills," the "twelve legions of angels," or the compound interest which will be ours when we go to live with the King.

WHAT THEY GAVE.

IN the October number of the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE there is an interesting and impressive article entitled, "What shall we give?" An incident has accidentally—shall I not say providentially—come to my knowledge that

so practically answers the question and is so suggestive to us all, that I feel impelled to ask for it a place in your columns. In one of our country congregations lives a young man and his wife, not rich in this world's goods, but rich in faith and full of real desire to dedicate themselves to the Master. While God had withheld from them riches, He gave them the treasure of a little daughter, and that being the most precious of all their possessions, they have dedicated it to the Lord in the work of missions. When a dear friend said to them: "Have you *really* done this; given your only child to be a missionary?" "Yes," was the reply, "if God is pleased to spare her life, it is our desire and *prayer* that she shall give her life to that work." So in harmony with this desire they constituted her a member of the Mission Band of the congregation. From the day of her birth (living on a farm *rented*,) they laid aside, for baby's mission money, *one egg every day*, and, as they accumulated, these were sold, the proceeds paid into the treasury of the Mission Band. By the time she was ten months old this had amounted to over *three dollars*; making, before she was a year old, more than her "quota" paid into the Lord's treasury. Surely God's blessing rests on that quiet home, and this precious gift, laid upon God's altar, will be accepted of Him.

I have thought, perhaps, the example of these parents might not only be suggestive, but a stimulus to others to go and do likewise. No doubt there are many who are conscientiously giving to the Lord's cause who have not thought of thus making gifts in behalf of their children. If, when they can, they would do this, and acquaint their children *early* with the fact, would it not be a means of enlisting them in the great work of the church, and would they not grow up loving the work and ready and eager to take it up and carry it forward?

Then, are there not many Christian homes where God has given abundant wealth but withheld the gift of children, while just beside them, perhaps, are homes where children abound, but wealth is wanting. Now, dear sister of the childless home, is there not in this neighbor home more than one dear little girl, or promising boy, whom you could adopt in your heart, so far as to see that their "quota" is paid into God's treasury; and uniting your prayers with your gifts on their behalf, seek that their lives be dedicated to His service. Thus might you be spiritual mothers to noble sons and daughters who would "rise up and call you blessed." S. M. G.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

DON'T LET'S FORGET THE ONE WE'RE FOLLOWING.

MAKING my way through a crowded store, with people jostling each other this way and that, these words fell upon my ear, spoken by one of two who were stopped for a moment by some attraction on the counter. Evidently they were strangers and were under the guidance of some one from whom they had been temporarily separated in the crowd. I did not see the speaker or what became of the two, but the words, forgotten in an instant by her who uttered them, repeated themselves over and over again to my inward ear as I went along my way. I want now to send them to my fellow pilgrims, linked to the thought of our Master, who to each of us has said, "Follow thou me!"

We are all of us trying to obey this command—rather to accept this sweet invitation. Sometimes it is "afar off," like the women of old who followed him

from Galilee to Jerusalem, and like them we do not let ourselves lose sight of him, "afar" though we may be. When we lift our eyes from earthly things to look upon him we find him still mindful of us and ready to draw us to himself with blessing. Sometimes the rush of the world and its affairs is so strong that the vision of his dear face vanishes for a time, and then it would often seem as if we had clean forgotten all about "the One we're following."

If to us the Master is away in the distance, only to meet us perhaps in the time of sorrow or the hour of death; if we are missing the familiar "fellowship" which would make him a sharer in all that enters into our life; if, except in a quiet Sabbath hour, at the communion table, or under some shadow that darkens all the world to us, we are willing to let surrounding objects hide him from us, satisfied that we can find him when we keenly feel the most need of him — then we are failing to know the joy — the "full joy" — of that abiding, that following, which might be ours.

O, let us not do this! Let us press closer, closer to him, so that these bewildering, bewitching things cannot hide him from us or make us wander from the way by which he would lead us! We are never safe unless we have him full in our view; unless we are so close to him that at any moment we can speak to him and hear what he will say to us. He has many a whisper of comfort and strength for the ear of those who are near enough to him to hear, but it is impossible for the far off followers to catch these gentle breathings.

"The One we are following!" What a leadership? What companionship? To what a consummation are we called! The Lord of all, Master of heaven and earth — the crucified, risen Redeemer — comes to us from his throne on high by his Spirit, and offers to stay with us, comfort us, strengthen us, give us victory over every foe, and bring us to his home above if we will but *follow* him. How can we be content with a cold, distant, sluggish pursuit of such blessings — a half-hearted acceptance of such an invitation? God forgive us that we do not instantly, eagerly, as soon as we hear his voice, come to him and stay with him, never for one moment forgetting him or ceasing to watch for and follow his leading.

And when in our hearts we say, "Would that there were more such close following of the Master!" let us not turn in thought to our neighbors or our fellow church members, or to any but our own individual selves. In a sense the nearness of the life of each of us to God is known only to him; yet the fact that we are walking in his paths, not our own, should be evident to all about us. It may be helpful also to ourselves and others if once in awhile we say to each other, "Don't let us forget the One we are following."

A POEM.

Written September 15th, 1886, on the departure of a band of Missionaries.

BY MRS. MARTHA J. SIMPSON, IND., PA.

A brave, heroic, Christian band,
From off our coast now leaves.
They go into a heathen land,
To reap and gather sheaves,
And some have served their master long,
They've yielded golden fruits;
Whilst others, young, and brave and strong,
Go out as new recruits.

Old Ocean, thou with honest pride
May swell thy waves to-day,
For on thy bosom ne'er could ride
A nobler band than they,
Who from our native shore now start
Upon a mission grand;
They go with conseerated hearts;
They go at God's command.

And honored ship, that thou can'st bear
Such precious freight away;
They go baptized with earnest prayer
The Gospel to convey.
And as the heaving billow rolls
Upon their vessel high;
O, precious thought, their God controls
The storm-cloud in the sky.

And to the homes that feel the loss
Of dear ones gone to-day,
"To tell the story of the cross"
In lands so far away,
Oh, Saviour, come and sympathize,
And compensation bring;
They've made a noble sacrifice,
A lovely offering.

Oh, could we pluck the flowers most sweet,
That this broad earth can yield,
We'd gladly cast them 'neath the feet
Of those long in the field.

But, what's more beautiful in life
Than maidens fair like these,
To leave their homes with pleasure rife,
That they their God may please.

There's one in that bright company
We love to call our own;
Oh, may she gladly reap some day
Good fruit that she hath sown.
And how the lives of all must bloom
With sympathy for those
Who never knew that from the tomb
A Saviour hath arose.

And as they teach them how to lean
Upon his precious word,
Oh, may there nothing come between
Them and their risen Lord.
Yes, while they gather up the lost
And bring the jewels in,
And tell of the infinite cost
To save a world from sin.

May heavenly benedictions rest
Upon the head of each;
May this devoted band be blest
As they the Gospel teach;
Then at the glorious evening time
They shall behold the light,
Too beautiful and too sublime
For any mortal sight.

Missionary Correspondence.

(NOTE.—This private letter contained so much of public interest that it is with pleasure we give it to the readers of the MAGAZINE.)

MUNSOURA, EGYPT, Sept. 16, 1887.

My Dear Friend:—I have thought little of correspondence, until just lately, for several months. What a strange siege those months have been, one that I could not look back on at present without awe and wonder. It seems now like the enaction of a fearful mystery, for there is something very awfully mysterious in almost entering the gates of Death. I do not remember of having been so near before. It was, oh, so fearful; I clung to life with such ardor I thought that it could not be possible that God would let me die so young, and then afterwards I thought it were better to die, for I would never be any better for living. But in answer to "the effectual fervent prayer," I was wondrously spared, and for weeks I have been rapidly acquiring health and the old time vigor.

One day a number of us, consisting of seekers after the new and strange, rode to a service in the Greek church of St. Elias, at Schutz's Station. It was quite a distance away, but we enjoyed the run over the sands immensely. We found the festivities were in honor of the patron

saint, and we had ample opportunity of seeing all the hideous mummeries there were to be seen. That was one of my first rides after my recovery and it was still hard for me to get up or down. Since then I have had a number of pleasant rides, with air and scenery all conducive to health. There was nothing more delightful, however, than the ride I took yesterday, just after breakfast, with Mr. Finney and Ethel. We went farther up than we had ever before gone. We found the river had flooded parts of the bank as far in as a square. Some engine houses were almost submerged and looked to be afloat. Away across, the river widened out immensely, like an arm of the sea. Multitudes of men, women and children were thronging the new embankments that are being thrown up all along the town, clamoring about this great, great river of theirs. One could readily believe that their ancestors worshiped the river god, so mightily in awe and yet in such affection do they hold this truly wonderful stream. You have heard of the watches that are set all along the river; men sit in booths, about six rods apart, or a stone's throw, ready to call out when any danger in the bank appears. We can look out of our window at night and see the row of light from their lanterns as far as the eye can reach. Yesterday we heard these men telegraphing for the inspector. They call it the "man telegraph," and send messages for miles by calling to each other. Soon we heard the answer coming back that the inspector was on the way; he was then at the other end of town. Numbers of men were above their waists in the water mending breaks in the bank. The new embankments are set inside a number of cafes, and the donkey boys announced in great glee, as they trotted along, that all these cafes would go. There seems just now to be as much life in them as ever, but at many of the resorts the tables had been moved forward into the streets, and the dice were throwing, this evening as busily as ever. The unconcerned donkey boy, of course, has nothing to lose. I never heard of his having a family or going anywhere for his meals or bedding, but he is ever alert and active and always ready for a buksheesh. While we stopped under the shade of a big acacia at the end of the route, he waded in to his shoulders in some standing water where irrigation was going on (that you know the natives do by the "dipping up and pouring out" with buckets and baskets) and gathered handfuls of water-lilies (the far-famed Egyptian lotus) for me. We carried them home with their long pipe-like stems intact, which the boys said looked like macaroni. Bella says there is a part of the plant that is sold here for eating. I laid the flowers in water to freshen, and in the evening Bella arranged them in the old, blue Persian teapot to grace the bracket shelf in her pretty room, and it was as we stood off and admired the general effect that we longed for the brush and power of an artist. Bella and I are going to take the same trip to-morrow, it being Saturday, with a congenial friend. Our customary outing is a sail or a row on the river, and we float down the stream and land at the marble steps of the palace, but the river is now so high we do not venture out as we used. We are not anxious to provide the "*Egyptian Gazette*" with an interesting item on a "capsize," or concerning river dragging. Muallim Tadrus, of the boys' school, sent around a lovely, prancing, bay horse this morning in navy blue trappings. I put on a full skirt with my blue jersey, and, with a man running on either side, we galloped over to the new canal, around the palace, and watched masons at work on the new lock, into which much water has already flowed. It is an immense work and is being grandly done. I have such a respect for people who can contrive and

oversee such a project. The poor native laborer who works for a few piastres a day at the grand contrivance gets little admiration. It is not his brain that contrives. The men were not at work in adjoining brick-yards, but when they are plying their flails at the mortar it is most interesting, and for all the straw one sees, one is reminded of the time the Israelites made bricks for the cruel Pharaoh. On the return the horse rode so gaily and tossed his tassels with such grace that I fell completely in love with him, but, alas, he returned to the country this afternoon.

I return to Alexandria two weeks from to-morrow, and though I have much to do before then, I look forward with pleasure to the time. I am very much bound up in my girls, who are as sweet and pretty a collection of girls as I ever saw anywhere, except in dear old Hopewell Academy. When I said good-bye to my girls before going to Ramle, and as I lay helpless on my bed, I never expected to see them again, but in a few weeks they trooped in on me in the cottage garden, each with a present, and I was strong and able to receive them.

With much love, I remain ever your affectionate friend,

TILLIE STRANG.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE FRONTIER.

WE came here a year ago last May to work in Gove and Sheridan counties, under the care and direction of Concordia Presbytery. There were a very few United Presbyterians here at that time. In July we organized a congregation in Gove City with 12 members. Our plan was to canvass these counties so far as we are able, hunt up all United Presbyterians, visit them, pray with them, ask if they have their certificates, if not have them send at once and get them. Some do this promptly, others seem to have come west to get away from church. Our work has been interesting and profitable. The country was very wild, there were a very few buildings where Gove City now stands. But one lady lived there the winter before. Now we have a flourishing little business town of nearly 400 inhabitants, a $4,500 school house, a gem of a little church costing a little over $2,000. O, how we love it.

We first worshiped in an old shanty, some chickens roosted in one end the other end was used for a wash house. We worshiped sitting beside the tubs, We then tried from house to house, but these were so far apart we could get but a mere handful together. We then met in the court-room when we could obtain it, and sometimes were permitted to use the Masonic hall. They sent east and readily received money to build and furnish a large hall for the works of darkness. In this they served the devil on Saturday night—on Sabbath morning we served the living God. O, how dear to us were the 1st, 3rd and 4th verses of the 137th Psalm. R. W. McBride preached for us in this hall. It was evident we could not succeed in this way, Gove City was made the county seat and growing rapidly. Other denominations were coming in. *We must have a church* or our territory would be lost to the U. P. church. But here was the difficulty. Our people were poor homesteaders with little means. "*A sacrifice must be made.*" They cannot build a church and pay a ministers salary; many of them have hard enough work to hold their homes.

We willingly accepted the sacrifice, casting ourselves wholly upon the Lord and His Church. "They that *trust* in the Lord shall not lack any good thing; I will sustain thee, and he is faithful that promised." It is our business to faithful-

ly do His work. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; Lo I am with you always unto the end. We have experienced many special manifestations of His love and care. Last January a fearful fire swept over us. It had gathered force for 15 miles and looked like it would surely consume every thing, but just as it struck our buildings a Divine hand parted the flames. They swept around us on both sides leaving about an acre untouched. We wept tears of gratitude and joy. We and ours have been spared through storms that seemed to take every thing before them. My husband has come home through cold and storms, when I had almost despaired of his life.

Our people with us have sacrificed every luxury and *many* comforts. Our church is completed except a few minor points. The town company donated two lots for the church. The deeds were secured on these. They also promised us six residence lots. These would more than pay off all our indebtedness, but they skipped on and left us about $700 to pay yet on our church building. Our Church Extension Board donated $600 and we have asked a loan of $500 that we may pay off the workmen and lumber bill. That we may have the building secured until we can pay it off, we purpose raising $200 here this year. We hope to soon be able to more than repay our Board. We had two letters this week from U. P. families coming soon. We do need a few Aarons and Hurs, also a few men of means. It is the Lord's cause and it *will* prosper. Our house is a general rendezvous for all new comers. We try to get them to settle near together, but some want well watered farms, others cheap land.

The third week of December Mr. Miller completed our organization, "Saline Valley," in Sheridan county. There will be about 14 members to begin with. They are a good people. I expect to go with my husband next appointment and will canvass for our Magazine. My aged mother, of Clifton, Ohio, sends us the Magazine. I sent it the rounds. Good-Water 12 miles south is calling for the bread of life in the spring. Hackberry, six miles west asked for the crumbs. Good Sabbath-school both places. We have about 25 United Presbyterians scattered over Gove county, and about 20 in Sheridan. My husband preached at a point in the western part of Sheridan county to a few members there. It is about 22 miles from here. Saline Valley is about 28 or 30 miles from here. One of our ponies is about given out and in order to make these long trips we will be obliged to buy a pony this spring and get our buggy repaired. A few weeks ago Mr. Miller made a tour of about sixty miles; paid 70 cents for horse feed, 40 cents for lunch. The people kindly raised him sixty cents. One of our severest blizzards struck us before he reached home, but Providence guided the team safely home. Our H. M. B. gives us $400 this year, and it is with great economy that we make ends meet. Last week we held a social, had a good time and made enough to pay off the tinning, soldering, &c. on the tower and roof. We also had a nice Christmas tree for the children. We will give some literary entertainments for the benefit of our church. One autumn day I raised money enough to buy a large heater for the church. We now have a series of meeting services every afternoon and night. The majority of professing christians have pledged themselves to visit their neighbors, pray with them, invite and entreat them to attend services. We are earnestly praying for the outpouring of God's Spirit on Gove City. Our meetings are well attended and full of interest, all taking an active part. We expect some accessions at our communion the 3rd Sabbath of January. Sisters pray for us.

MRS. T. T. MILLER, Gove City.

GURDASPUR.

WHILE encamped at Sujanpur, a place in Pathancot Mission District, about twenty-five miles north-east of Gurdaspur, Emily, a native Christian woman, and I visited some of the surrounding villages. On a certain day, after walking about a mile, we reached a village and found a woman sitting in the yard of her house spinning cotton. When she first saw us she became alarmed, not knowing the object of our visit; but when we told her that we had come to read God's word and explain the only way of salvation, she told us to seat ourselves on a charpai or bed. We had a long talk with her, and also with several other women who had come to see us. One married girl was especially interested, and she, as well as the person of the house, expressed a great desire to learn more. The girl requested us to take her along and teach her, and when asked what she would do with her husband, replied: "I'll tell him to come also." The old woman had lost her husband and several sons, and had living only one son, who, she said, would never consent to become a Christian. She had her ears filled with silver jewels, and when she saw we wore none, quickly commenced to unburden herself of the great number that were weighing down her ears, saying that "if you don't wear such things, why should I be so foolish?" After reading and explaining the word of God for quite a while, we rose to go and were accompanied for some distance by this widow and the married girl. I promised to do what I could to employ a woman who would teach these people.

At one village, just as we were leaving, a young Hindu woman came to the house we had visited, and I said to her, "What a pity you did not come sooner, for we wanted to talk to you also." She ran past me to the woman of the house and said, "Oh! that thing is talking to me." The Mohammedan woman was amused and jokingly said, "Look out; she will take your child." Emily told her who we were and what our work was. The Hindu woman replied, "I thought you were a *gora* (soldier)."

We next encamped at Madhapur, and while there walked to a number of villages and were well treated by all. We often met women on our road to some village and talked to them as we went along. One time we met eight women returning from their day's work, and as we were going the same road a short distance we began a conversation. At first they were in a great hurry, and we walked fast so as not to hinder them, but by the time our roads parted they were quite ready to set down the loads they were carrying on their heads, and sat and had a long talk in the field.

While talking to some Domnas at Madhapur we told them the commandments and that no one kept them, and spoke about sin and how the sinner would be punished; but that Jesus had died for sinners, and that there was no other escape from sin and death. They all listened and seemed to comprehend what we said, but imagine our disappointment when one of the women said, "Yes; sin will be punished, but I don't do anything wrong, unless I tread on an insect I don't see. But this I cannot help, for I must walk. I don't take life in any other way." So we knew the poor woman, at least, had not our idea of sin, and we began to teach them again when the others said, "Yes; we make much of killing an insect but think nothing of stealing and lying, which are great sins." Thus it will be seen that these women, though ignorant, can appreciate truths presented to them in a simple way. Pray that these may not only understand the gospel but believe.

MILLIE CALDWELL.

Editorial Department.

OUR INDIA MISSION.—This book by the lamented Dr. Gordon should be in every family of the church. It should be read by every member of each family, young and old.

REASONS.

1. It is well worth the price in the excellence and beauty of its illustrations and general make up.

2. It is one of the most interesting and fascinating of books on the subject of missions or any other subject.

3. Its universal circulation would do much to awaken and foster a missionary spirit.

4. The proceeds of it, are to a great extent the means of support to Dr. Gordon's family and the education of his children.

5. This is the best method of testifying our appreciation of Dr. Gordon's devotion and self-sacrifice in the service of the church, and our gratitude to God for what, by his grace, Dr. G. was enabled to accomplish.

6. This will be the most fitting monument which could be erected to his memory by the church--as the book itself is already the monument of his life work, more splendid and imperishable than one of bronze or marble.

Let every reader of the MAGAZINE send for a copy for herself or others.

tf. MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

MISS Eliza B. Wallace, of Knoxville College, writes, under date of February 10th: "I wish to ask, through the MAGAZINE, that the friends of the College, who have written for letters concerning this work, will please have patience and not attribute our seeming neglect to carelessness or indifference, for we are passing through deep waters. Three of our teachers, Miss Cleland, Miss McBride, and Miss Armstrong, are very sick, and twelve of our students are down with typhoid fever. (Of the teachers Miss Cleland is the only one that has the fever.) I need not add that we are busy. Will you not unite your prayers with ours that we may have strength and wisdom for the work, and that the Lord will stay the hand of the destroyer? On last Sabbath evening one of our boys seemed very near death. At the girls' meeting each offered up a petition that the Lord would spare Charlie's life. Next morning he was better. Can we doubt that the Lord heard and answered?

THE Women's General Missionary Society, of the United Presbyterian Church, will meet in Washington, Pa., in May. The executive committee are busy arranging the program of exercises, and in making such arrangements as are necessary to make the meeting both interesting and profitable. May continual and earnest prayer be offered unto God to direct their efforts, as a committee, and that he may grant such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on behalf of the proposed meeting, that His cause shall prosper and His name be glorified in the ingathering of multitudes into the kingdom of His dear Son.

IN making the appeal for the Mrs. Lydia L. Martin Memorial last month, we neglected to state that this appeal was made in response to a resolution adopted by the W. G. M. S., at Monmouth, and a record of which will be found on page 15 of the minutes.

ALL subscriptions to the MAGAZINE hereafter will have to commence with the March number, all previous editions having been exhausted.

SPECIAL attention is called to the action of the Women's Board authorizing a thank-offering at the coming meeting of the W. G. M. S.

There is at present "a crisis in missions," and the work of our own Church is no exception. One missionary writes of the meeting of the Association: "We had a very nice meeting, but it was a very trying one in regard to money. We hardly know *what to do.*" Another, "The work is generally encouraging. The great trouble is the word "*retrench*" that we get from that great land, "America." And still another, "We are really from $8,000.00 to $10,000.00 short of what we feel is absolutely necessary for making any progress." Cannot and will not the members of our missionary societies rise up in the strength of their Christian womanhood and do their part towards supplying this lack, "that the work of the Lord be not hindered."

It is suggested that the second Saturday in April be set apart as a day of prayer to God to enable us and others to glorify Him by giving as he has prospered us, and that a collection be taken on that day as "a freewill offering to the Lord." These offerings can all be handed to the presbyterial delegates, and by them deposited when the collection is taken at the convention. If every woman in the church will begin *now* and lay by her *in store* a sum for this purpose, the aggregate will be a surprise to all. Some can give much, others little, but it is remarkable *how many* small sums swell the grand total. As is suggested, if the donation should average one dollar per member, over sixteen thousand dollars would be realized.

AMONG the many gracious acts of Queen Victoria we note the following which appears in a letter received from Mrs. Dr. Lansing, of Cairo, since her return from England: "The Queen manifests a very great interest in the children of the Maharanee, and has given directions to have frequent reports of their welfare, and all this, while their embittered father is boldly proclaiming himself as an "implacable foe to England." May the Lord arrest him in his wild and maddened course and save his *soul from ruin.*"

In this connection the subjoined extract from the *Bombay Gazette* is very significant:

DHULIP SINGH.—We have never made much of the political significance of Dhulip Singh's coquettings with Russia and we commend to the notice of those who have supposed it might have an unfavorable influence upon the Sikhs, an incident, of which information has reached us from Umritsar. In the Golden Temple of that city, the religious capital of the Sikh people—the temple which was lavishly beautified by Runjeet Singh—it was until lately the custom to offer daily prayers for the safety and prosperity of his son, Dhulip. But the other day the Report was spread in the bazar of Umritsar that Dhulip Singh had gone over to the Russians and was plotting mischief with them against the British *raj.* Thereupon the priests of the Golden Temple decided that Dhulip Singh was no longer worth praying for, and the daily prayers for him have ceased. M. Katkoff and others, in Moscow and St. Petersburg, should take note of this.
—*Bombay Gazette.*

IF the life of Joseph had been written by some common hand, and presented to the public as a romance disconnected with the idea of its sacred character, it would have had hundreds of readers and admirers where it has but its tens. So prejudiced is the human mind against the scriptures that there are thousands of intelligent persons—readers—in the midst of every Christian community who have never read it and cannot be persuaded to do so. Yet, even apart from

its sacred character, it is one of the most interesting stories that has ever been written. The bare facts are such as, presented even in the homliest style, should excite the utmost interest. Joseph as a child of a wife so fondly loved, a pet of his father, the object of the arrows of envious brothers, consigned to death, rescued, sold to slavery, keeping a spotless character for which he is for years consigned to the dungeon, elevated suddenly next to the king, the preserver of two nations, forgiving and nourishing those who so wronged him, and dying so peacefully and hopefully—who would not read this thrilling story!—*Christian Instructor.*

THIS is how old Susan puts it: "The work was more bothersome than usual, and the holes in the stockings bigger, and the children had stolen her little gourd to set up for a steeple on their block-houses, and altogether she was forgetting whom she was working for! A thought strikes her, and she breaks out with: 'Bress you, honey, de Lord puts dis yere work here in old Susan's han's jes' as much as he put young Massa Tom in the polepit wid de Bible words in his mouf for to speak. But ole Susan am a dretful forgetful kind of a critter, and pretty often she don't mind who she is doin' de work for. Den it's dretful hard, specially dat ar Phœbe's stockin's: de holes look like to swallar me. Den I t'inks jes' in time 'bout de Lord's work, and right away de holes begin to gedder demselves up like, and look kinder 'shamed for making such a fuss, and pretty soon there ain't no hole dar, but jes' a werry han'some darn in de werry best style, 'cause yer can't poke off none ob yer second-rate work on de Lord. No, sah, honey, dat ar ain't de 'fect ob workin' for de Lord.'"—*Gospel Messenger.*

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ALL orders for Dr. Gordon's book, "Our India Mission" should be sent to the *Christian Instructor*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Young Peoples' Department.

"Piety in a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia:
Yea, more delicious than odors wafted by western gales
from a field of Arabian spices." SELECTED.

The Mission Band of the 1st U. P. church, of Xenia, Ohio, has a history, which dates back to the spring of 1879. Having long been a teacher of youth, my love for children and children's pleasures, strengthened with my years,

and finally developed the idea of contributing to their happiness, in a way that would combine enjoyment with instruction, that the compound might be *future usefulness*. For this purpose a few little girls met at our house and organized a society for mission work among the poor in our city. A constitution was adopted and work planned: one hour was to be devoted to literary duties, and one hour to sewing and other work. The society grew in numbers from month to month, and much good we thought was accomplished.

When the subject of Mission Bands in our church was agitated, this society was fully equipped for the work, only having to change the name, which they did to "Young Christian Workers," of 1st U. P. church. Our plan was, first, Devotional exercises, conducted as a W. M. S. and second, sewing for missions or our own city poor. A small "collection" was taken each day, and "birthday offerings" were received when due. Plain sewing was solicited from the ladies in the congregation, from which we realized a little sum. One literary entertainment was given, and at its close fancy articles made by the members, and baskets of fruit were sold, which amounted to a neat sum. Making money was not the object of this entertainment and sale of articles, but to increase the interest and zeal of the workers, as the admission was free, and no article sold beyond its value. One "Missionary Tea," which was the source of much enjoyment, has been held, to which each member had the privilege of inviting one "outsider." Several boys are members of this society. They make themselves useful in splitting kindlings, making tapers and useful articles for sale. They contribute with their pen in biography, for example, Calvin, Knox, John Brown of Haddington, and others; thus making themselves acquainted with the early reformers and also the history of our church.

The little girls of 1879 are now young ladies, and can do young ladies' work. Many a household has been made happier from their treasury, and many a child made more comfortable through their instrumentality.

By the blessing of God on our efforts we feel that this Band is productive of *individual good*. Its members can now lead in prayer, and conduct the exercises with much ease and freedom. Their pen productions are quite commendable, thus showing that practice is necessary to develop latent mental faculties and accomplish desirable results.

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WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

MISSION BAND RECITATION.

Who should work for missions,
God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because He bids it,
Because so great the need;
If one wants bread, he *must* be fed,
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
How soon may labor cease?
We must keep on till all are won
To serve the Prince of Peace.

And so we, here, from year to year
Keep up our mission band;
We must not pause, for still the cause
Needs ev'ry heart and hand.

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And so we, here, from year to year
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—*Selected.*

FOR THE BOYS.—Billy Bray, the Cornish miner's treatment of tempting suggestions is itself suggestive. One day when a little down hearted, standing upon the brink of a coal-pit, some one seemed to say, "Now Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble." He knew in a minute who it was, and drawing back said, "Oh, no, Satan; you can just throw yourself down there. That is your way home, but I am going to my home in a different direction." Another time his *crop of potatoes* turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow, saying, "There Bill, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see what small potatoes!" Billy stopped hoeing a moment and replied, "Ah! Satan, at it again, talking against my Father, bless His name! Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" And on he went hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.

YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN.—In a rural church, a sweet child of three years was baptized, whose father and great-grandfather were elders. As the latter, distributing the bread of the communion, withdrew from the family pew, the little voice spoke, and with most touching tenderness, "Some for Nina, grandpa!" Was that not the voice of a child of the covenant claiming her place in its privileges? The Hebrew child was present at and partook of the passover. Why is the Christian child excluded from the Christian passover? I wish all Christian parents would bring their children to the family pew with even greater love than to the family table on Thanksgiving day or Christmas. Too few of them are present at the communion. If there they would have opportunity to ask, "What mean ye by this service?" and would receive the lessons and impressions of the hour. They would see that their apparent exclusion is but a wise and tender discipline to guard against presumption and to aid and encourage that spirituality required in them that would worthily partake of the Lord's Supper. The writer received impressions at such seasons, in very early childhood, which the world, the flesh and the devil have never been able to efface. Let us feed the lambs—the little lambs. J. G.—*The Church at Home and Abroad.*

LITTLE MISSIONARY MEETING.

NOT many months ago I had the pleasure of attending a miniature missionary meeting. I call it miniature because it was originated, conducted and persevered in by four children; the oldest eleven, and the youngest five years old.

I was visiting at a friend's and heard the children occasionally alluding to their money-jug, and saw it frequently presented for contributions, and when it was offered to me, made inquiries as to its object and destination, and obtained information that was satisfactory; and my interest was aroused when Louie, the oldest little girl, informed me that they had missionary meetings once a month, and that the next would be on the coming afternoon, and, with flushed face, invited me to be present. I accepted her invitation with pleasure, and had forgotten the circumstance, but when the time came, was recalled to it by observing the bible, books and papers being taken into an adjoining room. Then a whispered announcement that the hour had arrived, and I was soon seated in their midst. There was a commingling of modesty and quiet dignity in Louie's demeanor,

as she selected a portion of scripture, and rising to her feet, read it in an agreeable manner. Then singing came next, which was followed by a short article on missions, read by Minnie, the youngest sister. I was invited to "make remarks;" and Guy read the report of members present, not omitting the "stranger" who had honored their meeting. He held a bit of paper in his hand, but the items were doubtless provided by observation and memory, as I was aware that he could neither write nor read writing. The contributions were collected by Elliot, the youngest of the members—the five-year-old boy. Louie, in the meantime, was taking the minutes of the meeting, which were duly read. The Lord's prayer was repeated in concert, each standing with closed eyes, folded hands, and much seriousness.

A few days afterwards the jug, in connection with others in the neighborhood, was taken to the church and broken, and found to contain one dollar and some cents, which was given into the general fund. Since, I often think of that little band of earnest children, and believe that the pebble these cast into the streamlet for good, is circling on and on, under the Master's all-seeing eye, at length to redound to His glory. A. E. P.

MINUTES OF A MISSIONARY MEETING IN PERSIA.

The converted Nestorian women, who have been educated in the Oroomiah Female Seminary, have an organization which holds religious meetings every three months. Essays are followed by discussion—practical suggestions, Bible quotations, song and prayer. The following account of such a gathering is given by Mrs. Shedd, in a recent letter to a friend in this country: "Our last meeting was one of special interest. The subject appointed beforehand was 'Slander.' Rabbi Rachel, of the girls' school, read a paper, followed by a brief Bible reading, after which there was opportunity for the women to discuss the subject. One after another rose in succession, speaking with such earnestness, so much to the point, and with so little repetition, that I felt as if the Spirit itself was guiding. With humility and strong conviction apparent, many confessed that this sin is one to which women are particularly addicted. One said, 'When we read these passages, and reflect on their solemn meaning, how awful this sin appears! We exclaim, 'I abhor it,' and yet, sisters, when we go home and sit down quietly to look on our own lives, I must confess 'I am the woman,' and each of you must in your heart say, 'I, too, am that woman.' Verily we are all guilty in this matter.'

"Esly, always hungering and thirsting to know what the Lord's way is, now rose and begged me to explain more fully from the Word what this sin is. She is the oldest of our number, and the humility with which she requested any younger sister to admonish her if she heard her offend with her tongue was beautiful.

"I quoted James iv. 11, which, in Syriac, is, 'Be not speaking against each other, brethren.' After prayer and singing, we dwelt upon the remedy. First, we turned to the 'law and the testimony,' in Eph. iv. 15, Col. iii. 17, 1 Cor. x. 31, then again gave opportunity for suggestions from any one. Mary said, 'I have been thinking much of this matter, and it has occurred to me that by silence we may do much to hinder this tide of evil-speaking. When we go to any one with a story, and it meets with no response, how mortified we are! Let us try this with the slanderer.'

"Hoorma thought industry would cause less slander and gossip. 'If you

have nothing to do in your own house, seek some work by which you can earn something for the gospel, and thus two good ends will be secured.'

"Sara said, 'I think the habit of every evening calling ourselves to account for the words and actions of the day would help us to control our tongues.'

"Parry said, 'When the conversation becomes gossiping or evil-speaking, introduce some spiritual subject and the slander dies out.'

"Nazloo, in her vigorous way, exclaimed, 'This is an awful sin. I have myself searched out and read 117 verses in the Bible on this subject, and I find evil-speaking and slander classed with murder and adultery, and those terrible sins which we shrink from speaking about. Yet we, the lovers and friends of the Lord Jesus, do this—117 warnings in God's Word on this, and yet we who love Jesus are guilty! If it is a sin, let us not only cut it right out, but dig it up, for, like some grains, it will spring up if we leave the roots.'

"Another suggested a band of sisters, binding themselves to abstain from evil-speaking, each helping the other to keep her solemn promise.

"Another referred to Matt. xviii. 15, and said, 'The Lord Jesus himself has told us what to do when offences are committed. Let us obey him instead of arousing quarrels and divisions and sowing seeds of bitterness by our evil-speaking and tale-bearing, and we will see peace and quietness in the church.'

"Nazloo begged leave to tell one of Miss Fiske's stories about a man who was cured of a very bad temper by turning around and praying, 'Lord, help me right now,' whenever tempted to anger, even if forty times a day. More than one quoted Miss Fiske.

"Our two hours were ended and seemed all too short, but, as some of the thirty-five present had four or five miles to walk home, we could not linger longer. After choosing 'Love' (Esly's choice), for the next subject, the meeting was closed. As they passed out Esly whispered to me 'I must see you alone; I want to talk more on this subject.'

"I learned afterwards that as a company of these women sat in the garden talking, one began to remark on some absent person, but, immediately checking herself, said, 'Forgive me, I have promised not to speak against my neighbor, and I won't.'

"I found a time to grant Esly's request, and, after a personal talk and mutual prayer, I felt helped and strengthened as much as she said she was. If we have such earnest, simple, praying souls as she is, we need never be discouraged. She is intensely interested in the subject she has chosen—'Love.' She told me that as soon as she got home she took her Testament, and it opened directly to a chapter on this subject, a wonderful chapter. I asked, 'Is it the 13th of 1st Corinthians?' (You know charity in this is love in the Syriac.) 'Oh, I don't know where it is,' she replied, 'but I have marked it to show you. The Lord led me to it;. it is wonderful.' The kingdom of God is coming in Persia."

—*Interior.*

Women's Auxiliary Board, &c.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 7th, 1888.

The reports of the corresponding secretaries would indicate that the Women's Board has been of service to many, not only in answering questions about mission work, but also in training societies to work and give intelligently. Let their interest and sense of responsibility once be aroused and they astonish us by their liberality. Experience has shown that

"special objects," so much decried by some, are just what is wanted to enlist the sympathy of young and old. Take, for instance, the Little Girls' Home, at Knoxville. Willing hearts had to be "restrained from bringing" when the time came to furnish the new building.

We regret that the appeal for the Parsonage Fund has not been as quickly answered. Perhaps it is not generally understood that this is the special work recommended to missionary societies by the Board of Church Extension, and is quite as important, in its way, as any of the other special objects.

The Treasurer's receipts were $1,912.80.

The committee to confer with the Foreign Board reported.

It is too soon to predict results; but, if nothing else is accomplished, we feel that each Board has a better understanding of the other's work.

In response to suggestions the Board authorized an appeal for a thank-offering of $16,000. This will not appear such a formidable undertaking when we consider that it can be raised by a contribution of one dollar, or more, from every member of a missionary society. The money should be given to the Presbyterial delegate to the General Missionary Society, and, when collected, turned over to the Treasurer of the Women's Board to be distributed according to the necessities of the work at home and abroad.

Blanks for statistics will be sent out March 1st.

Presbyterial secretaries and congregational societies are again asked to be *prompt* and *accurate*.

MARGARET M. SHAW, *Rec. Sec.*

RECEIPTS FOR JANUARY, 1888.

When not otherwise specified, the money is from the W. M. S., of place named.

Foreign. — Mt. Pleasant, Ind., 9.85; Bethsaida, Ind., 3; M. B. Burgettstown, Pa., for India, 5; Warrensburg, Mo., 10; Children's Band, Warrensburg, Mo., 30 cents; Northwood, O., 36.45; Springfield, O., 12; Huntsville, O., 10; 1st. Xenia, O., 30; Big Spring, Pa., 25; Freeport, Pa., 20; Fairview, Pa., 10; North Shenango, Pa., 10; Tarkio, Mo., 38.72; Service, Ia., for India, 5; 2nd. Monmouth, Ill., 64; 1st, Monmouth, Ill., 40; Y. L. M. C., 2nd, New Wilmington, Pa., for Egypt, 10, and for India, 10; Lansing M. B. Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Presb., 15; Detroit, Mich., 50.

Salaries.—Miss Smith, Garnett Presb., 38; 1st. Kansas, 25; Neosho, 2; Miss Corbett, Conemaugh, 100; Miss Hogg, 3rd, Church Societies, Allegheny, 75; Miss Brown, Monongahela, 150; Miss Thompson, Muskingum, 75.

Miscellaneous.—Gleaners' Band, Monroe, Ia., for Dr. White's Hospital, India, 21; M. B. Alexis, Ill., for Girls' School, Egypt, 7.37; Y. L. M. S., Olathe, Kan., for teacher at Zagazig, Egypt, 25.50; Detroit, Mich., for Mission School of Rev. Wm. Harvey, Cairo, Egypt, 100; 2nd, New Wilmington, Pa., for Mrs. James, Bible reader, Jhelum, India, 37.50.

Home.—Mt. Pleasant, Ind., 9; Bethsaida, Ind., 3; Hanover, Pa., 8; Warrensburg, Mo., 5; Jamestown, Pa., on debt, 7; Huntsville, O., 10; Fairview, Pa, 10; North Shenango, Pa., 10; Freeport, Pa., 20; 1st, Mercer, Pa., 18; 1st, Monmouth, Ill., 40; 2nd, Monmouth, Ill., 64; Y. L. M. S., 1st, Monmouth, Ill., 50; Lansing M. B. Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Presb., 15; Mt Jackson, Pa., 5; Detroit, Mich., 50; Emporia, Kan., 2; Stewart Station, Pa., for Englewood Mission, 5.

Indian Mission.—M. B. Burgettstown, Pa., 5; M. B. 1st, Allegheny, 5; Little York, Ill., 10; Springfield, O., 12; Latrobe, Pa., 10; M. B. Stewart Station, Pa., 12; L. H. M. P. 1st, Allegheny, 25; Miss Margaret P. Given, Allegheny, 10.

Freedmen.—Silvercreek, O., 10.50; Springfield, O., 12; Huntsville, O., 10; Union, Butler Presb., 11.

Church Extension. — "Willing Work-

ers," M. B. Hopewell, Kansas, 9.65; Monroe, Ia., 8.50; Des Moines, Ia., 10; Y. L. M. S., New Concord, O., 10; Huntsville, O., 4.40; North Shenango, Pa., 5; Y. L. M. S., 1st. Monmouth, Ill., 50; Mt. Jackson, Pa., 5.

Parsonage Fund. — Indianola, Iowa, 13.59.

Ministerial Relief.—Service, Iowa, 5; Struthers, O., 8.

Little Girls' Home.—Mrs. A. S. Vincent, Spring Hill, Ind., 5; Butler, Pa., 5; Highlands S. S., San Bernardino, Cal., 1.95; Fairview, Pa., 10; North Shenango, Pa., 10; from estate of Miss M. E. Hamilton, deceased, Indianola, Ia., 10.

Orphans' Home.—Indiana Presb., 5.

Waitsburg Endowment.---New Lisbon, O., 10; L. H. M. S., 1st Allegheny, 20.

Legacy.—Mrs. Brownlee, 1st Church, L. M. S., Monmouth, Ill., 150.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

THE W. P. S., of Princeton, met in the comfortable Sabbath-school room of the U. P. Church, Princeton, September 20th, at 2 p. m. After the usual devotional exercises the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mrs. Gordon, of Bloomington, president; Mrs. Craig, of Princeton, vice-president; Mrs. Ingles, of Scotland, secretary; Mrs. Bradfute, of Bloomington, treasurer. The reports from the different societies gave evidence of continued interest in the good work. Mrs. Ingles, of Scotland, was appointed delegate to the W. G. M. S., to meet in Washington, Pa., May, 1888; Mrs. Montgomery, of West Union, her alternate. Closed with prayer by Mrs. M. Warnock, to meet in the church at 7 p. m. At the hour appointed the Society met, after singing Psalm 98th, and prayer by Rev. Lyons. Mrs. Smith, of Princeton, conducted a bible reading on "Prayer." Her introduction and remarks throughout were excellent; altogether it was comprehensive and instructive. A very interesting report of the Willing Workers, of Princeton Congregation, was given by Miss Lucy Gordon, of Princeton. A paper on "The Proper Training of Children," prepared by Miss Ingles, of Scotland, was read by Miss McElroy, of the same Society. It was well calculated to awaken thought on this important subject.

A very full and interesting report from the W. G. M. S. delegate, Mrs. Lyons, was read by Mrs. Gordon, of Princeton. Mrs. McKinley, of Bloomington, read a paper on "Consecration," written by Mrs. Gordon, of the same place. If her suggestions were only practiced what an impetus it would give to the work of winning souls—"first giving ourselves, a living sacrifice, and then letting our light shine." The closing paper, read by the West Bethel delegate, had for its theme one peculiarly interesting to all lovers of missions, namely, a "Memorial of Rev. A. Gordon." Society adjourned to meet in the fall of 1888, at the same time and place as the meeting of Presbytery.

SEC. PRO TEM.

THE W. M. S., of Frankfort Presbytery, met on Tuesday, September 6th, 1887. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises conducted by the president, Mrs. McKirahan. The address of welcome was given by Miss Maggie Telford, who gave in connection a most interesting performance. The response was given by Miss Mary Leiper. A recitation was well rendered by Miss Lucy Hood. Delegates then reported from different societies. The courtesies of the Society were extended to Mrs. Dr. McConnell, of Mt. Olivet Presbyterian Church, who gave some interesting information concerning their plan of work. A motion prevailed to the effect that all the congregational societies send their money through the Women's Auxiliary Board. Mrs. Parkinson and Mrs. Adams were appointed on a committee on resolutions. 7:30 p. m., devotional exercises

conducted by the president. Mrs. Lizzie Parkinson, of our Society, gave an excellent memorial oration. A conference, "What Woman can do," was opened by a suggestive paper by Miss Kate McMinn, followed by remarks by Mrs. Telford, and others. Essay by Miss Wilda Craig. A letter was then read from Mrs. Ramsay, of the Bluestone Mission. Altogether it was a pleasant, profitable meeting, and the delegates went home feeling encouraged by the reports, profited by consultation with others, and cheered by the hospitality of Hanover congregation. SEC.

BLUESTONE MISSION, Jan. 9th, 1888.

My Dear Sisters:—The press of other imperative duties, has prevented an earlier contribution to our MAGAZINE. School closed Dec. 23 and reopened Jan. 2. Through the generous liberality of our Missionary Societies, Bands and Young Peoples' Societies we were enabled to give our school a Christmas treat. This entertainment was held Thursday evening, Dec. 29, and was a decided success. The provision was so ample that every school pupil, and all the Sabbath-school children, received some useful present. All were satisfied, and expressed their gratitude in a unanimous vote of thanks to all who contributed to the occasion: and we all say, "thanks." May you all be richly rewarded. The evening of Jan. 2nd, was devoted to an "Emancipation celebration." The chapel was decorated with festoons of cedar and holly, and above the desk hung a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, (the gift of Mr. Jos. D. McKee, Phila.), draped with the American flag. The exercises were opened by a voluntary from the choir, (Psalm 100.) Original papers were read by the young men and extempore speeches (comparing slavery times with the present) by the older men, closing with "reminiscences" by Dr. E. P. McLean, who is a gentleman of extensive information and a pleasing and instructive speaker. "Negro Melodies" and National songs, were rendered by a choir of students, led by Rev. and Mrs. Ramsay.

This Mission is in Mecklenburg Co., Va., near the Staunton river, on the road leading from Chase City to Abbeyville. The buildings occupy a commanding position, can be seen for 3 or 4 miles, and the bell can be heard by all the pupils. The school building is an attractive two-story frame structure, 40x60 feet. On the first floor there are three recitation rooms, and above are the chapel and a book and clothes room. All the rooms are comfortable and pleasant, and the furniture the same as used in our northern schools. The Mission house is a commodious two-story frame house, conveniently arranged. A cottage for young men (at school from a distance) on one side of the ground, and one for young women on the other. The nearest railroad station is Five Forks, nine miles distant. We get mail Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from the carrier (on horse-back) passing from Five Forks to Abbeyville. The Mission received an elegant and useful "New Year's" present, from our Womens Board, in the shape of "a set of outline maps." We say, *Thanks*, THANKS, THANKS.

The departments are Primary, Intermediate and Grammar. We teach here just as we do North. In the Grammar department the pupils outline their History, Geography and Grammar on the board, and we correct and grade each recitation. We have examination every month and some of their papers are models of neatness. One of our pupils won 100 per cent. in four studies at our late examination. The advanced pupils are studious and some of them make excellent progress. The pupils of the B class (transition period) are restless and do not apply themselves closely, and yet their advancement is fair. The younger pupils seem to have no proper concep-

tion of the value of time. They don't *observe and compare* as do white children. They memorize readily (and forget as quickly) but are poor reasoners. Some are neat and clean and exercise good taste in their dress, while others have no eye for the beautiful. Some are courteous and becoming refined, and others coarse and uncultivated. We have sewing school every Friday p. m. Some of the older pupils sew neatly and all fairly. Eighty-nine garments were made this term and a number of handkerchiefs and quilt patches additional. We grade their sewing and sweeping and mark these grades in their monthly reports. We have rhetorical exercises and a question box every other Friday p. m., and the latter is an interesting source of information. A hundred and ten pupils were enrolled in the primary Sabbath-school class before the holidays, with an average of 47. They committed Psalms 23, 121, and 125, the G. T. of the lessons and twelve questions of the shorter catechism. There were 170 pupils enrolled in the secular school before vacation, and at writing there are 190.

There is temperance meeting every Saturday evening, and an earnest effort is being made to inform the people on this important issue. Thirty-six zenana calls were made before vacation. They live in the plantation cabins of slavery times, paying one day's work per week for rent, which is considered equivalent to $25 per annum. Some of these cabins are comfortable, clean and neat, and occasionally an attempt is made at decoration, while others are dilapidated, dirty repelling, destitute of almost every article of comfort. A few have bought homes, and these live in new frame houses. In two of the latter are found stoves. All the others use the huge fireplaces and antiquated methods of cooking. The *one room* is kitchen, dining room, sitting room, bed room and living room. The loft above serves as store house and children's bed room. Their means of transit, is the two wheeled ox cart.

God has given us many evidences of His favor. Fourteen persons were received into the fellowship of the church at our last communion, and many others were almost persuaded.

Dear sisters, "pray for us," that we may do our work wisely and well, and "that the word of the Lord may have free course."

M. L.

IN MEMORIUM.

In Petersville, Butler Co., Pa., Mrs. Sarah A. Christie in the 32nd year of her age. Action of Ladies' Missionary Society of White Oak Springs:

WHEREAS, God has called our sister, Mrs. Sarah A. Christie to receive the reward of those who are ever faithful in the Master's service: Therefore.

Resolved, 1. That in her death the society has lost a faithful member. The church one ever faithful in attendance on divine service, and the congregation a sweet singer.

2. That we record our appreciation of her worth, kindly disposition, and beautiful christian life.

3. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the lonely devoted husband, the loving father and mother and sister, and also to two little boys without a mother's care but too young to realize their loss.

4. That these resolutions be recorded in the county papers and the Women's Missionary Magazine, and a copy be sent to the bereaved friends.

MRS. JARRIE RASELY,
MISS MARY HAZLETTE,
MISS LYDIA. BRUNERMER,
Committee.

Resolutions of the Women's Missionary Society, of the United Presbyterian church, Cambridge, N. Y., on the death of Mrs. Jennet Ashton Darby, who was suddenly called home on Dec. 11th, 1887:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from us, our friend and sister, Mrs. Jennet Ashton Darby, who was a zealous and earnest worker in the mission cause: Therefore,

Resolved, 1. That although we deeply deplore our loss, yet we would bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

2. That we will earnestly seek to follow her example, as she followed Christ.

To her memory we would pay this tribute, and to the bereaved family we extend our christian sympathy.

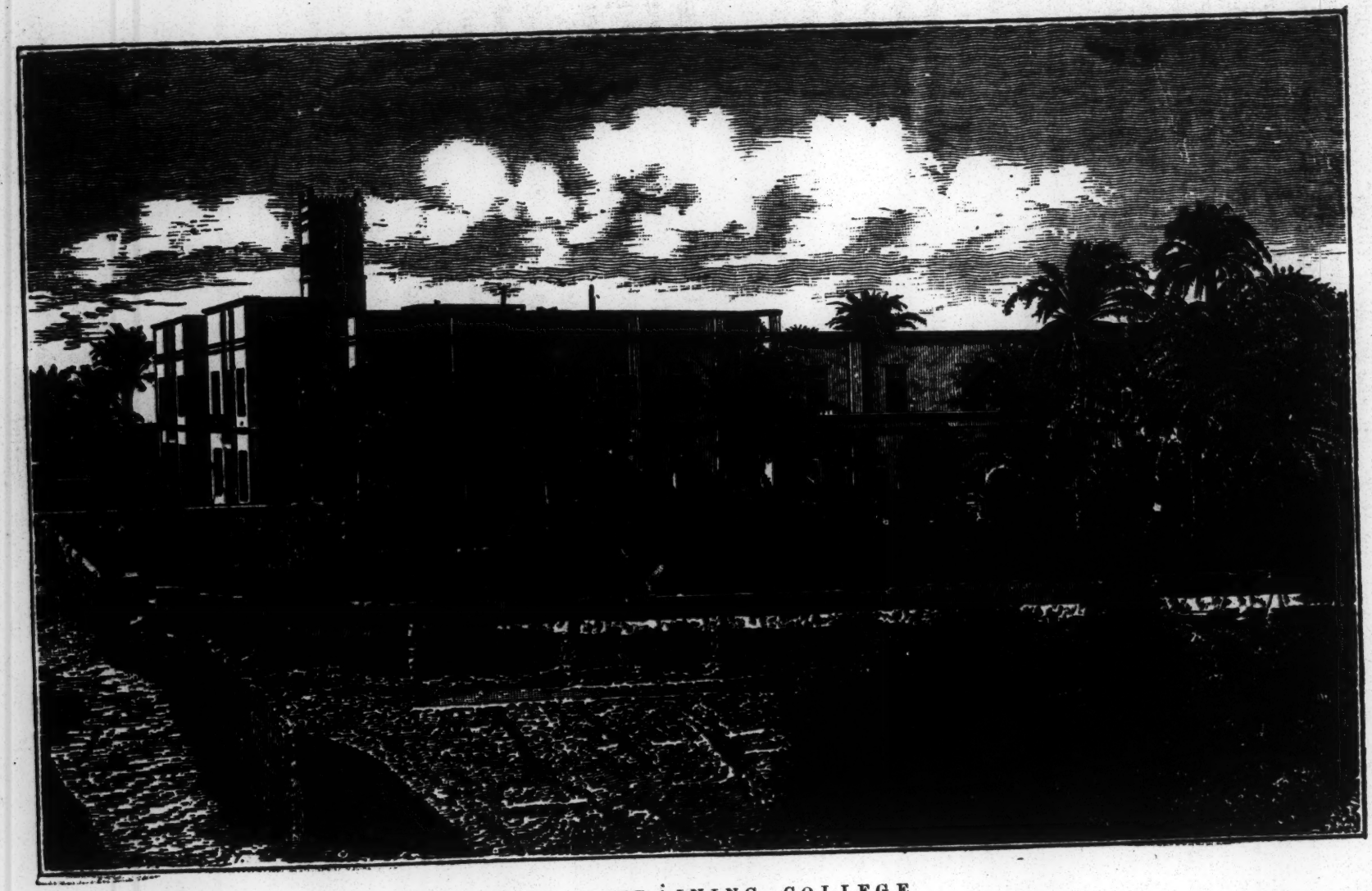
May we all be admonished to be also ready; "For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

MRS. C. HALL,
MRS. M. MCCLELLAN,
MRS. H. CULVER,
MISS A. CAMPBELL.

Programme for Pres. L. M. S., of Central Ill. Presb., which meets in Paxton, Ill., March 27th, 1888. Business meeting at 4 p. m; Address of welcome, Paxton Society; Response, by Oak Grove Society; Essay, by Pana Society; Praise Service and Paper Hoopeston Society; Recitation and Essay, Rankin Society; History of Missions given by the children, Anthem and Recitation, by Paxton Society; Essay, Speech, Subject, "How to create a greater interest in Home Work," Low Point Society; Essay on Warm Spring Indian Mission, by Oak Grove Society; Paper, by Piper City Society.

MRS. J. P. MCDANEL, Pres.
S. E. FERGUSON, Sec.

PIPER CITY, ILL., February 16th, 1888.



ASYOOT TRAINING COLLEGE.